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VALUE OF RIGHT ACTING.

THE WICKED FLEE when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.

In the Salt Lake county jail a young man is awaiting a prison sentence. He was a trusted employee and he stole from the man who had reposed every confidence in him. Flight followed the theft, and the bankruptcy of the betrayed employer followed both. Months passed and the name of the thief was no longer on the lips of his acquaintances. He was a wanderer on the face of the earth, amid strangers in strange lands.

Forgotten by his friends, he could not forget them. Though he roamed to remote fringes of civilization the memory of his crime haunted him and the fear of exposure was ever present. A footstep on the sidewalk beside his window was enough to rouse him from his slumbers and he never knew but that the next moment might come a rap on his door, a hand on his shoulder, an escort to a prison cell. This man was actually glad when the inevitable finally happened, for it marked the end of his mental torture.

In ancient times a favorite punishment for a murderer was to fasten to his shoulders the body of his victim and compel him to bear the putrid burden until it had rotted away or kindly death intervened. Paul had this fearful penalty in mind when, in a conscience stricken frenzy, he wrote: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Yet the apostle had committed no crime against the written laws of his country.

No man can hope to escape the consequences of his sin, and that on this earth. There was once a prominent citizen of a southern metropolis whose son had been guilty of embezzlement. To all appearances the boy had had the best advantages of home, the most careful training, and people wondered how it happened that he fell. And at last it came out. His father before him was an embezzler, although he succeeded in making the shortage good before the defalcation was discovered. The sin of the father was visited upon the son, and it hurt him more terribly than any punishment that could have been inflicted on his own person.

The man who wears the stripes and the close-cropped hair is sometimes to be envied, after all. He is at least expiating his crime. No more haunting horror of betrayal for him, no more lying awake at night listening for the tread of the arresting officer, no more sneaking when no man pursued him. One of the first injunctions in the Bible is: "Be sure your sin will find you out." Perhaps it will never be found out before he dies, but the unhappy offender can never get away from it so long as life lasts.

There is a way to avoid remorse, there is a way to keep your consciences and your hearts clean before God and before men. All of us are born with the ability to distinguish right from wrong. It is hard to do right at times, the way seems thorny and rough; but it is all a matter of taking the first step. Surprising though it may seem, one quickly learns to do right, not because it is right, but because it is pleasant to do right than to do wrong.

Somewhat the thorns disappear, the path grows smoother, flowers spring up and all the world seems fairer, yes, is fairer. As no disease of body or soul is so fearful in its ravages as remorse, so no spiritual tonic is better than the knowledge of righteous deeds, bravely performed. There is a promise as well as a warning in the words of Paul to the Galatians when he writes:

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

HAS HUMAN LIFE become less valuable since the twentieth century opened? The question is suggested by the great number of more or less appalling catastrophes which have been recurring at even shorter intervals since the beginning of the year 1902. The record of 1901 was bad enough, but this year promises to far surpass that. Deaths by fire and by flood, by earthquakes, in mines and factories and rolling mills, in railroad wrecks and other disasters, deaths in many different forms, sudden and horrible, are almost hourly reported.

More lives have been lost in the score or more of important accidents during less than two months of this year in the United States than were taken by Filipino bullets in all of 1901. War in the Philippines is actually more healthful than peace in this country. In yesterday's Herald appeared details of the killing of twenty people in a New York City fire. There was nothing unusual about the story. Indeed, almost every issue of every newspaper contains similar stories. The days on which such publications are not made are exceptional days.

Of the thousands of minor accidents, in which one or two or three are killed, we hear but little. When they are reported at all the details are set forth in a few brief lines, easily overlooked. And then the murders and other homicides. A veritable epidemic of mysterious murder seems sweeping over the land. The town is slain, indeed, that does not hold in its goal at least one individual against whom is made the charge of taking that which no human being can give.

At least one reason is furnished for ask-

AS TO NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

GEORGE P. ROWELL, editor of the American Newspaper Directory, is trying to get a definition of newspaper circulation that will satisfy advertisers and publishers alike. Mr. Rowell has been satisfied to rate newspapers by the number of complete copies printed each year, but the Association of American Advertisers is giving credit only for papers actually circulated, deducting all unsold copies returned by newsdealers, and all waste copies. Mr. Rowell has asked the newspapers of the country to express their views.

The Herald believes that the Advertisers' association is right in excluding unsold copies returned by newsdealers, because publishers unquestionably take advantage of the Rowell definition and print more copies than are required for their bona fide circulation in order to get credit for a larger number of readers than they actually possess.

Mr. Rowell says it is cheaper to lie than to print unnecessary copies, but his error is demonstrated in numerous cases that might be cited. One of the San Francisco dailies was caught printing thousands of surplus copies, only to send them to the garbage can; a Los Angeles daily sent thousands of extra copies to newsdealers, knowing the papers would not be sold. Numbers of publishers who would not lie for any consideration, do pay for white paper and do print unnecessary extra copies, solely to get credit from Mr.

Rowell for a better rating in his directory than they are legitimately entitled to.

The American Directory is the best publication of its class in the world, but it will never be fair to the really honest newspaper publishers until it requires a statement under oath of circulation as defined by the Advertisers' association, thus: "The number of copies actually distributed in one year, excluding all returned copies and waste." Such statements should be accompanied by written permission from the publisher for the examination of all his books relating to circulation, such as postage bills, carriers' reports, bills for white paper, press reports and subscription and newsdealers' lists.

No honest publisher will object to making such a statement and giving permission for verification, and very few publishers would care to swear to false figures, knowing they might be called on to support them by facts.

The Herald makes regular detailed statements of this nature to all the directories, and is the only daily in Salt Lake City which gives advertisers complete figures of net paid circulation. In Utah it is alone in its offer to allow any advertiser to verify these figures at any time; and it would like to have Mr. Rowell or the American Advertisers' association make an examination, not only of The Herald's circulation, but of all the Utah dailies as well. It believes such a comparison would be profitable to The Herald; and it is certain that advertisers, both at home and abroad, would gain by the knowledge so obtained.

ing the question. Why? The answer is not so easy or so brief. Perhaps the world is growing too crowded and, in the inscrutable wisdom of the Ruler of the universe, this method is adopted for thinning the ranks. But why? The country is prospering as it has rarely prospered; there is bread enough and to spare for all who make known their wants. There is work for the worker wherever he may seek it.

Is the solution to be found here? Has the rush for wealth stifled the conscience which makes each man his brother's keeper? Somebody is to blame for every great accident. The responsibility is not always fixed, even in the most apparent cases, but it is there, and that's the tragedy of it. One cannot help being appalled at the consideration of the many disasters that might have been prevented, the scores upon scores of lives needlessly blotted out.

The day cannot be far distant when the elaborate precautions which now surround hazardous occupations must be made even more elaborate; when the science of protection to workmen and citizens must not be left to fallible human intellects. Automatic preventives of disaster must be invented so that people may be saved whether they will or no. Of course, so long as the world lasts fatalities will occur, but it surely is possible to throw out more safeguards and surer safeguards than are now in use.

VILLAGE MOSSBACKISM.

ANTAGONISM TO NEW THINGS is a characteristic which prevails alarmingly in nearly every village in the country. There is something in the air of a village which tends to make its inhabitants look with suspicion on the individual who would lift them from the rut in which they have been traveling for perhaps three-quarters of a century. A reason for this is that young men of energy and ambition rarely care to live in villages, and the old fogies have things entirely in their own hands.

A striking illustration of old fogism gone to seed is furnished by a recent special election held in the village of Greene, N. Y. The election was called to vote on three propositions submitted by Mrs. R. N. Moore, a wealthy resident of the town. Mrs. Moore offered to give, without conditions, a site for a new school building, to rebuild a large manufacturing establishment which would give employment to many operatives, and to endow a library.

It looks as if even the most hide-bound villager ought to vote unanimously, to accept offers such as these. Alas for Greene, the mossy element of the community was in control. At the close of a hot campaign, extending over a period of eight months, Mrs. Moore's offers were rejected by a tremendous majority. The argument that turned the scale for the rut lovers was that no community should accept donations, as frequently conditions were attached to them, and, besides, they might encourage a lot of persons to constantly expect public bonuses.

So Greene will have no innovations. It will worry along without libraries and other public blessings until it finally dies of dry rot, as it should die. A community that rejects a gift because it fears it is being pauperized is so hopelessly in the rear of the human procession that it can never catch up. There is no taint of pauperization in the giving to a town, by a man or woman who has grown wealthy in that town, some token of appreciation.

The argument of the old fogies of Greene can be reduced to the most ridiculous of absurdities. If it was not proper for Mrs. Moore to make her donation, it is improper for any citizen of Greene to make a gift to any other citizen as an evidence of esteem and regard. It is to be hoped that no other villages in the land will follow the New York example.

DUPLICATING STREET NAMES. CITIES GENERALLY throughout the United States have been troubled to a greater or less extent by the duplication of some street names and the similarity of others. It has been found almost impossible to remedy existing conditions, but steps are being taken to prevent more confusion in the future. This is accomplished by the passage of ordinances which prohibit individuals and corporations from giving new street names which have already been applied to old ones. Even marked similarity in the names is forbidden.

A glance through the street directory of Salt Lake indicates that either the people who named the streets were not as versatile or they didn't care how much trouble they might inflict on strangers. In this city there are three B streets, three Garfield avenues, three Lincoln avenues, three Park avenues, three Pine streets and three Poplar streets. In no less than thirty-seven instances there are two streets or two avenues of the same name, and frequently one finds two streets and an avenue alike, or vice versa; for instance, two Glen streets and one Glen avenue, two Washington avenues and one Washington street.

Even more puerile than the dupli-

cations are streets and avenues named alike, as Center street and Center avenue, Charles street and Charles avenue, and so on. On top of this confusion come such puzzlers as Cliff street, Cliff avenue and Cliff place, Hazel street and Hazel court, until it is a wonder that even people who have lived here all their lives are able to find their way about. If the main streets, those running north, south, east and west from the temple, had not been so admirably laid out and named, this city would be a maze.

New streets are being opened up constantly and old names given to them. It is possible to prevent this by ordinance, just as the statutes prevent a new corporation from taking the name of an old corporation or adopting a title that is in any way similar to it. Other progressive cities have found such an ordinance expedient, and in view of the facts set forth above, to which many more might be added, Salt Lake should join the procession.

A POLISHED BURGLAR.

THE GENTLE ART of burgling can never fall very far into decay so long as it has such able exponents as Thomas Croughan. Mr. Croughan has been operating in New York, where he has acquired the sobriquet of "Gentleman Tom." That he is justly entitled to his laurels will be made apparent later on. Mr. Croughan—hardly dare to call so polished a knight of the jimmy Tom—has been looting residences in his intimately suave manner for some time. He has reassured frightened women, he has soothed fretful children, but at last an unromantic policeman fell upon him and locked him up.

Then a woman was called upon to identify him. He was placed in a line containing twenty-nine other prisoners. At this point let us take up the narrative of a New York paper, as follows:

"As she caught sight of Thomas Croughan Mrs. Arrowsmith fainted. After being revived she said:

"There is one man in that line I can identify. If he is a gentleman he will spare me the annoyance of having to take that course. If he is an honorable gentleman he will acknowledge himself."

"True to his principles, 'Gentleman Tom' Croughan stepped out of the line and said:

"I am glad, indeed, madam, to spare you anything of annoyance or inconvenience. I trust I do not obtrude myself upon your recollection when I remind you that I am he who shook hands with you the night your house was visited by uninvited strangers."

"Mrs. Arrowsmith thanked Croughan for his tender consideration of her feelings, and, with a graceful bow, the gentleman burglar stepped back into the line."

In all the career of the gallant Richard Turpin we fail to find recorded a prettier incident. To spare the lady distress Mr. Croughan identified himself, and as a result he will march serenely in lock-step at Sing Sing for an indefinite period. We had supposed the Raffles of Mr. E. W. Hornung's inimitable sketches was a pure creature of the imagination, but Raffles himself couldn't have been more Chesterfieldian than Mr. Croughan.

The Herald commends the manners of Mr. Croughan, but not his taking manners, to the careful consideration of all other cracksmen, amateurs and professionals. If they will kindly follow in his footsteps there may come a time some day when hospitable prison doors will yawn for each of them.

NEW CANAL ROUTE.

WHEN THE SENATE begins consideration of the isthmian canal bill the promoters of an entirely new route will have a hearing. This route is known as the Darien-Mandingo, and many advantages are claimed for it that no other way presents. It is less than thirty miles long, has deep water harbors at either end, and will require no curves, dams or locks. In this canal there would be no necessity for guarding against disastrous floods or shortages of water.

To put the canal through it would be necessary to drive a tunnel five miles long through a granite mountain, but it is claimed that this can easily and safely be accomplished. Another advantage is the length of time, four years, necessary to complete the work and an estimate of cost places the total expenditure at \$100,000,000. For this amount of money the tunnel and all the rest of the canal could be constructed.

The promoters propose to light the tunnel by electricity and secure ventilation by means of vertical shafts. For ships not using their own steam, electrical traction is to be provided. Already the company has purchased and proposes to own absolutely a strip of land twelve miles wide from one side of the isthmus to the other. It is asserted that President McKinley endorsed this route, and that it is now favored by Senator Hanna and others.

There is no doubt that Senator Hanna does favor the Darien-Mandingo plan as much as he favors any

other isthmian canal. That is to say, he is at heart opposed to all of them. But that doesn't cut any figure. The new route will never be chosen, because it has one absolutely fatal defect. That lies in the propositions of the men who control it. They are not willing to turn their property over to this government.

Instead, they want to dig the canal as a private enterprise, and they modestly ask the United States to guarantee the payment of their bonds. In exchange for the guarantee the government is to have free transit for all of its warships for a period of 100 years. The plan is a pretty one from the standpoint of the promoters, but the people will not have it. What they want is a canal under the sole custody and control of the United States, and they will either have that or nothing.

It may be noted in conclusion that the isthmian canal commission looked over this route and came to the conclusion that it would cost \$250,000,000, an estimate probably closer to the correct sum than the figures of the promoters.

The Turkish official who relied on the sultan's promise to pardon him and returned to Constantinople, is now being tried for the crime alleged against him. Almost anybody in this country could have told that official not to put his trust in princes, especially Turkish princes, for we have had some promises from the sultan ourselves.

In celebrating the sixty-third anniversary of their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hurlbut, formerly of Utah and now of Denver, have made a record rarely equaled in this or any other country. Their many friends here will join in hoping they may be spared for many happy returns of the date.

King Edward and Frank James, the ex-bandit, certainly represent opposite types of thought. James objected to a play because it made heroes of bandits. Edward objects to a play because it makes bandits, beg pardon, kings, ridiculous.

In being turned down for assistant city attorney, Dana T. Smith must remember that he has plenty of company. The lesson may teach him, too, that laws on this earth, even for the Republican party, are not always rewarded here.

Mr. Mrzygrod of Berlin swallowed arsenic, cut his throat with a razor, shot himself twice, and finally hanged himself, all in the space of thirty minutes. The doctors are still quarreling about the affair, but Carl isn't kicking.

Officer Chase's prompt capture of the negro women who are concerned in the robbery of Edwards, the mining man, was an excellent piece of work. Chief Hilton is fortunate in having a stern Chase always with him.

The sultan has refused to accept any responsibility in the case of Miss Stone. If anybody else desires to pick it up cheaply he will find it to his interest to communicate with Consul General Dickinson at Constantinople.

A great many people who would otherwise have been thoroughly satisfied with Secretary Hay's note to Russia and China, will now become suspicious because of England's endorsement of it.

Great Britain's crack regiment has been cut up by the Boers at Klipdam. The only way for British regiments to maintain their reputation for crackness is to stay away from the Boers.

Hugh McGovern, brother of "Terrible Terry," has knocked out an aspiring Chinaman. Congress doesn't often look to the world of pugilism for examples, but it can find one here.

A German girl who had lost the power of speech is to have a silver throat. She ought to be able to make a ringing declaration when the job is completed.

The fact that an ignorant prospector made a splendid strike in the Thunder mountain territory doesn't necessarily indicate that wise prospectors have no chance there.

We rather reckon that if Senator Tillman had had his pitchfork he would surely have punctured Senator McLaurin.

Prince Henry will undoubtedly feel grievously disappointed if Congressmen Wheeler refuses to shake hands with him.

Young Teddy Roosevelt will now please retire to the wings while Prince Henry takes a position under the lime-light.

The report that cancer is caused by salt is believed to have been started by somebody who is jealous of our lake.

It had begun to look as if Prince Henry had "met up" with a party of kidnappers.

PEARSON QUILTS HIS POST.

Resigns from the University and Renounces Methodism.

(Chicago Tribune.) Professor Charles W. Pearson has resigned from the faculty of Northwestern university and withdrawn his membership from the First Methodist church of Evanston. His action followed an unofficial notification that the committee of trustees appointed to investigate his case had decided his resignation would be asked for.

"I knew that I would be asked to leave the university, and thought it was best for me to resign during the semester vacation," he said. "While no official report was made, I learned that the committee of three had decided to request my resignation. It becomes evident that I was not wanted, and nothing was left me but to leave the university."

The professor announced that he had given up teaching, and would become a lecturer upon the subject of Biblical miracles. He has received offers from three lecture bureaus, and will sign one of them in a few weeks. At the same time he expects to leave Evanston.

Although he secured a letter of dismissal from the First Methodist church of Evanston and technically is free to join any other Methodist church, Professor Pearson says he has renounced his connection with Methodism forever, and will allow the letter to expire. He called upon the church authorities yesterday morning and expressed his desire to withdraw from the congregation. The letter of dismissal was given to him ten minutes later.

Professor Pearson's resignation was offered at a secret meeting of the executive committee of the board of trustees of Northwestern university at Evanston, Tuesday night. The session lasted until after midnight, and the professor was called in early. After stating his position as he saw it, he gave the committee the following letter of resignation:

"I hereby tender my resignation as professor of English literature in Northwestern university. With the kindest feeling toward you all and best wishes for the future of the institution to which I have given so many years of service, I am, very respectfully yours,

"C. W. PEARSON."

The resignation will take effect as soon as arrangements can be made to secure someone to take the chair of English literature in the university. The professor's salary will continue until Jan. 1, 1903.

"I do not think that I will enter a class room again," Professor Pearson said last night. "My position will probably be filled temporarily at least, at the opening of the second semester next week. I will spend my time in preparation of my lectures."

No provision has been made for a successor to Professor Pearson. Dr. Daniel Bonbright, acting president of the university, said:

The committee, consisting of Dr. Robert D. Shepard, Dr. Daniel Bonbright and Mr. H. Wilson, which was appointed to investigate the case of Professor Pearson, and decided that his resignation should be asked for, did not make an official report to the trustees. Dr. Bonbright resigned from it because of his long friendship with Professor Pearson and his desire not to act contrary to the wishes of the trustees.

The incident which led to the resignation of Professor Pearson took place on Jan. 12. On that day he made known the contents of a paper entitled, "Open Inspiration Versus a Closed Canon and Infallible Bible." The paper was written in answer to the query propounded by the Rev. Mr. Macaffee.

"On what basis can Christians unite for aggressive action?" It created an uproar in Northwestern university as well as in the Methodist church. Professor Pearson was denounced in many quarters and his belief generally attacked. Subsequently he gave expression to views denying the divinity of Christ, which practically covered the Unitarian belief.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

An ignorant man is a merciless critic. A man never does anything desperate if fed regularly.

The less a man cares the more love a woman wastes on him.

It's a waste of time to repeat hair-raising stories to bald-headed men.

There are more rooster-pecked wives in the world than hen-pecked husbands.

Most men want to do better, but they are seldom able to decide where to begin.

Courtship is a game in which a girl plays her heart against a man's diamond. A woman always seems surprised when a man proposes to her, but she never is.

If women looked like the pictures in fashion magazines every man would take to the woods.

Only the man with a good umbrella is able to appreciate the silver lining of some dark clouds.

If the average man isn't born great or is unable to achieve greatness he tries to thrust himself upon it.

It is just as important to say the right thing in the wrong place as it is to say the right thing in the right place.

Whenever a man hits a woman that he loves her the chances are he has an ax to grind and wants her to turn the grindstone.

How Could They Be?

(New York Times.)

A lady on boarding a Columbus avenue car recently was attracted by two bright children sitting beside their nurse. Turning to the nurse, she said: "What beautiful children. Are they twins?"

The nurse answered, a little indignant: "Twins, indeed! I keep on telling the madame not to driss them alike, but she will. Twins, indeed! Whoo, was of them is a boy an' the other a girl!"

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SEATS ON SALE TUESDAY MORNING, 10:30. \$1.00, 75c, 50c AND 25c. Curtain rises at 8:30. Order carriages for 10:30.

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